

# FIGURE OF GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS OVERSHADOWS CZAR



GRAND DUCHESS OLGA



GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS



GRAND DUKE DMITRI



THE CZAR AND THE Czarina

THE war has made the czar a changed man. Instead of the invisible aristocrat, concealed from his people behind great palace walls, enormous parks and flies of imperial guards, protected with infinite care from the assassin, he has become almost a democratic ruler.

Everywhere he appears among his people and among his soldiers, returning their greetings, blessing them and encouraging them. Discretion is thrown to the winds. Several times he has penetrated to the battlefields of Poland and would have exposed himself to the shrapnel of the Prussians had not his entourage skillfully rendered this impossible.

His dress is simple and he is often seen in peasant garb—that is a suit of some fine material cut in peasant blouse style, a many-looking costume of which the true Russian is very proud.

More remarkable still, the queen, always before the most exclusive of royalty, has gone among her people, visiting the sick and wounded. The Russians scarcely knew her before.

There is in all this ostensible activity a little more than the desire to arouse and encourage the fighting nation. There is more, for instance, than inspired the visit of King George to his troops in Flanders. This extra element is anxiety, a lively fear and not of German howitzers. The victories of Russian arms have their sweetness mixed with bitterness for the czar and his family.

Why? The reason is none other than the majestic figure of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholas, the commander in chief of the Muscovite forces. The czar has long suffered by physical comparison with his soldier cousin—now he suffers in a more serious way.

If ever there was a king in looks it is Nicholas Nicholas. He is full six feet six inches in his stockings, lean but graceful, with a head in which the keenest intelligence is combined with vast dignity and force.

When he is with the czar the latter by comparison is weak and insignificant looking, a coddled monarch. In secret the czar's subjects are not slow to speak of this and many avow history of the past twenty-five years would have been far different if this tall Mars had been in his cousin's place, that the humiliation of the defeat by Japan would have been spared the proud Russians.

It has to be remembered that the commander in chief has taken his commission to make him dictator of Russia. The proclamations to the Poles and the Jews promising liberties in exchange for loyalty during the war were not signed by the czar, but by Nicholas Nicholas. This was astonishing in itself and many have maintained made the promises null and void because the promising party would never have the power, if he had the wish, to carry out his obligations to the oppressed people.

Yet, would the czar dare to oppose his victorious general by refusing to grant a request to carry out these promises? Such an issue might prove a popular one for Nicholas Nicholas.

The history of Grand Duke Nicholas begins in an unhappy youth. He clung to his German mother, whose Russian husband had woefully wronged her and ruined the family fortune. But come to manhood, he followed straight in his father's footsteps, for the parent was one of Czar Alexander II's famous field marshals, who many times had scourged the enemies of Russia.

Alexander III was not especially fond of the young Grand Duke Nicholas, for noble and peasant alike consciously or unconsciously gave more homage to this splendid giant than to the three spindling, dull sons of the ruler. He ordered that the grand duke's army activities must be limited to the cavalry—but the only result was soon to be told that his horsemen, thanks to

Nicholas Nicholas, were now the best in Europe!

Meantime the Nicholas' family life was not free from the scandal which so often has made the title "grand duke" a reproach. He first married the middle-aged widow of a wealthy trader. He did not bring her to court, but left her at Moscow, where she would be safe from the slights her extraction might earn her in higher company. She died and her husband, now a rich man, only too quickly wedded the Princess Anastasia of Montenegro, with whom he had long been in love. It was while she was the wife of another man, the duke of Leuchtenberg, that Nicholas Nicholas wooed and won her. She persuaded Czar Nicholas to permit her divorce.

Anastasia is a large-framed, vigorous, ambitious woman, devoted to the cause of the Slavs. She is a firebrand and unscrupulous in methods to further her husband's progress to the position of natural leader of the Russian Slavs. It is said her husband is altogether, too intimate with a certain lady of the imperial household, but this does not seem to affect the relations between the wedded couple. She is always magnificently clad and is as regal in figure as her husband.

Throughout the Japanese war the soldiers hoped Grand Duke Nicholas would be, as their leader and he was again and again promised to them. Many believed final disaster would have been averted if the czar had conquered his jealousy of his popular cousin. After the war, when the throne was threatened by the revolutionists, the czar was forced to fall back on the man he had slighted and the grand duke restored order by stern means. He was in danger of assassination, and commanded admiration by constantly going about the streets unattended.

Just what happened when the present war broke out remains to be told. It will be an interesting story. It is known that the czar aspired to follow the Kaiser's example, take the field with his soldiers, and "be his own field marshal." What pressure was brought to bear to dissuade him from this purpose and to force his acceptance of Grand Duke Nicholas is hard to say. But there are rumors that the mobilization was well along before the czar knew of it.

It is to be remembered there is a Junker party in Russia as well as in Prussia. And this party claims the grand duke as leader.

The present situation is this: The cabinet council of the empire meets every day at Peterhof. Its resolutions are outwardly submitted to the czar for confirmation; but, as a matter of fact, the cabinet simply O. K.'s the orders of the all-powerful commander in chief and the czar then also attaches his signature. In time of war the cabinet does not dare defy the army head, nor does the czar.

If all this is concealed from the mass of the Russian people, it is entirely clear to that astute German, the czarina. Supposed to be a nervous invalid, she has suddenly donned the garments of the Sisters of Charity with her daughters and entered the hospital wards. She is even present at operations and has bound up the soldiers' wounds with her own hands. Anyone who knows the almost religious attitude of the Russian peasant to the "Little Father" can realize the wild enthusiasm aroused among those whom the czarina thus visits.

Can the czarina be striving to win back for her family the personal popularity the grand duke is taking from her husband? It may be so.

Her little son, now ten years old, is suffering from an obscure ailment and may never grow to maturity. If he lives he might have hard work in gaining the throne, for the tradition of blood inheritance is not any too strong in Russia. Many times in her history Russia has seen inheritance by might instead.

If the czar's death the succession would fall to the Grand Duchess Olga, eldest daughter of the czar. To bolster up her claims the czarina is said to be working for a marriage with the Grand Duke Dmitri. Dmitri is closer to the succession than Grand Duke Nicholas. But he is little of the soldier—a handsome fellow, yet too elegant and irresponsible.

If the betrothal were announced of Olga and Dmitri with the proclamation that Olga is to ascend the throne in the event of her brother's death, the party of the Grand Duke Nicholas would know what that meant. It might be well followed by a conflict. Would the army stand by the czar or by their leader of the great war?

## WORK ON THE FIRING LINE

Monk Went Into Twelve Battles With Bavarians and Was Wounded in Foot.

A South German monk who entered the First regiment of the Bavarian Royal Guards as a volunteer officer at the beginning of the war, is now lying wounded in the hospital at Freiburg. He described his experiences when he was interviewed:

"On August 10 our battalion was sent direct to the frontier. Then we proceeded in forced marches as rapidly as possible to the Vosges mountains, where the French had already taken up their positions.

"The French had entrenched themselves so securely and firmly that they could hardly get out again. All who fled we shot down. At nine o'clock their positions were ours. They threw away everything they had—rifles, blankets and knapsacks—in the panic of fear. All their trenches were full of dead and wounded.

"Our artillery had come up meanwhile; their shrapnel tore fearful gaps in the ranks of the fleeing Frenchmen, as they could not scatter in the narrow valley through which they had to retreat.

"The French prisoners we took seemed to regard us as monsters. Everywhere we went afterward the French terrified the people by crying, 'The Bavarians are coming!' They remember us still from 1870.

"I took part in twelve great battles. The last was near Epinal, where we were lying three days under fire. I was wounded about four o'clock in the afternoon of the third day. That was the worst day of all. The shrapnel burst over us from two sides at once. We sought protection even behind the dead.

"It was the fiercest fire I ever saw. I pushed my way back through the hail of bullets, and a piece of shrapnel tore my knapsack open. Finally I reached a dismantled battery and lay down under cover of the timbers. The bullet which passed through my foot was buried in the sole of my shoe, and the shrapnel was found in the meat tin. I have them both as souvenirs."

## THE WIDOW'S HINT.

"Is it true that the widow proposed to Tompkins?"

"Yes, in a way. Tompkins was calling there one evening, when she handed him a novel to read entitled 'Put Yourself in His Place.' Tompkins took the hint."

## PLAYED A DUAL ROLE.

"Now," said a newly-made husband, "I am your captain, and you must let me command you through life."

"You have a dual capacity," replied the former widow, "because you are my captain and my second mate, also."—London Telegraph.

## ANIMAL SHOP IS WRECKED BY CUB

In Two Short Hours Black Bruin Had the Time of His Life.

## BEDLAM IN A STORE

Hens Squawked and Penfowls Screamed Whenever Bunch of Fur Came Near—Monkeys Chattered, Fish Alone Silent.

Boston.—A year-old black bear of the Maine woods variety broke from his cage in a Boston animal store a few days ago and for two hours went on the liveliest rampage that it has ever been the lot of a private menagerie to witness. The little black bear, who goes by the name of "Pop," had been disconsolate because of the sale of his partner. He became restless, and, breaking his cage, went on an inspection of the habits and habits of the other odd thousands of animals in the cages.

Bruin was captured only after bedlam had reigned for two hours in the store. Then he was taken by two keepers, two policemen and several helpers, all of whom had a hard time controlling the snapping but playful cub. During his rampage "Pop" did not get a taste of blood, which probably prevented much damage.

## Fought Big Moose Head.

But in that two hours "Pop" had wandered up and down the store, which is a block long; had bitten off the end of a bag of corn and swallowed the contents; had unselfishly released a tribe of rabbits from their pens by breaking down their wire cage, had made an attack upon a moose head nailed to a board, had crawled in and out of numerous bins, had set the birds screaming and chattering, and had afforded amusement to a crowd of several hundred persons who surrounded the windows of the store.

Several times the crowd outside could hear him squeal as he crawled



Bear Went on Lively Rampage.

into a bin and hurt himself in getting out again. Then dogs began to bark, canary birds set up a twittering, monkeys began hander-log chatter, peacocks shrieked, rabbits ran hither and thither, and bedlam was let loose. The fish alone in their tanks were silent. But now and then as one flopped to the surface, it was evident that even the dwellers in the water were not oblivious to the confusion.

The chase came to an end when Edward O. Braxton, the floor manager of the store, made a noise out of a long animal whip and induced Pop to descend from the top of a tall poultry cage on which he had taken refuge.

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## WATCH IS SAVED BY PHOTO

Sentimental Highwaymen Then Decamp With Eighty-Five Cents of Victim's.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Because they saw the picture of his mother in the back of the watch case, two highwaymen returned a watch they had stolen to Ray Piper, 1446 East Twenty-second street.

The holdup took place near Twenty-second and Hoover streets. The highwaymen took a watch and 85 cents.

In examining the watch one of the men noticed the picture.

"Whose is that?" he asked.

"That is my mother," replied Piper.

"The watch was a gift from her."

"Take it back, then," said the highwayman, returning the watch.

Taking only the 85 cents, the highwaymen disappeared.

## EXTRA PAY FOR HIS WOES

Maine Constable Tells Court Troubles He Had in Chasing a Heifer.

Bangor, Me.—When a constable has extra trouble serving a writ of replevin on a heifer he must be allowed extra costs, under a decision of Judge Blanchard in the local court. Constable Skiffington Kelso of Edgerton told the court these things happened when he went out to replevin a heifer in connection with a civil suit.

Animal led him a chase through four miles of swamp.

Kelso broke through ice twice. Stopped into a sink trap. Lost a jackknife.

Wore his clothing and ruined his shoes.

Also he was held up to derision by a young woman, who wrote a funny poem about his chase and read it at a Grange meeting.

## SATIRE CONTAINS A MORAL

One's Real Qualities May Be More in Demand Than Those One Makes Pretense of.

Among the clever satires in Barry Pain's new book, "Stories Without Tears," is one which relates how a publisher went to an employment agency to secure a clever writer.

The agency man told him it would be easy to fill the order.

"We've got 450 clever writers on our books," he said. "I'll send a few dozen of the best around to your office this afternoon and you can pick one. That do?"

"Nicely," said the customer, and rose to go, when he remembered something. "By the way," he said, "I also want a boy who can be trusted to take charge of the stamps and petty cash."

"Then Mr. Agency threw down his pen. He did not book that order. He gave a sigh like a high-power suction pump. 'Do you?' he said in a melancholy voice. 'Well, if you find two save one for me. I want one myself.'

"Oh, my poor friends who are trying to be cleverer than you are, remember that the world also wants honest men."

"And, as things stand at present, Patent Tills with the Unmonkeyable Lock are a better market than Brain Fertilizers containing Free Phosphorus."

## Our Indebtedness to Slaves.

To the emperors and popes of bygone ages, writes Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, the modern world is deeply indebted for treasures of art and architecture that without them never could have existed. It was only by the labor of unpaid and underfed slaves that the Coliseum, the magnificent arches, the enormous baths, the marvelous palaces could have been erected; and it was only through grinding the faces of the poor by taxes and enforced contributions that the splendid churches could have been built and their matchless decorations made possible. Popes, emperors and unfortunate victims have long since passed alike into dust, not all the pomp and circumstance of power be, and it matters not whether this dust has been returned to the simple elements of earth or been preserved in gorgeous tombs.

## Wiping Out the Rat.

Unity has had from time to time disrespectful words for the cat, the animal of the wild that has suffered degeneracy by domestication, but we are anxious to give the cat its due, and a writer in the Farm and Fireside declares that a good cat is a more successful enemy to rats than all the traps available. But the government experience with rats and rat catching would indicate that this pestilence carrier, this wasteful destroyer of property cannot be exterminated by cats. Buildings can be made rat proof and towns can be rid of rats. Perhaps civilization will eventually be able to free itself from this devastator of wealth and destroyer of health, but it will require concerted action under scientific direction. Rats represent another "national problem,"—Unity.

## Old Barbarous Punishment.

Until a change of law in 1870 the British parliament recognized the sentence of drawing (i. e., dragging on a hurdle to the place of execution), hanging and quartering (i. e., dividing the body into four and placing it at the disposal of the crown) for the crime of high treason. J. F. X. O'Brien was sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered for taking part in the Fenian conspiracy of 1867, but the sentence was remitted to a term of penal servitude, and he survived until 1905. He was the last person on whom any judge pronounced this barbarous sentence.

## Answered.

Juvenile wit sometimes is doubly pointed.

"How many bad boys does it take to make a good one?" a tactless social worker once asked of a class of lively street urchins.

"One if you treat him well," came the quick reply.

## A Suggestion.

"He's his own worst enemy."

"Then he ought to apologize to himself and start over again."

## Women waste a lot of time in trying to reform men that are not worth reforming.

## SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

## Guard Against Taking Cold.

We all know about wet feet and drafts as causes of colds, but these are only two of the many means of taking cold, and two to which many people are not in the least susceptible. No two persons are the same in these matters, and you may assiduously avoid sitting in drafts and then find that you have taken a bad cold because you have kept your house overheated. The first step to prevention is to study yourself and find out to what you are most susceptible. Here are some of the most common causes for catching colds—bad air, crowded rooms, drafts, underheated or overheated houses, too heavy clothing, so that one becomes easily overheated in a warm room; overwork and fatigue, that leaves one subject to infection; damp clothing, and chill.

## Richest Marble Vein.

The greatest marble-producing industry in the world is no longer to be found in the famous Carrara district of Italy, but in Vermont, where one of the richest veins in the world stretches in an irregular line across the state. So great is the production of marble in this section that the inhabitants have lost much of their appreciation of its value, and use it for such humble and utilitarian purposes as paving, underpinning for barns, hitching posts, stepping stones and drinking troughs for horses. This vein is about fifty-seven miles long, from 1,650 to 2,200 feet in width, and from it is being taken in enormous quantities white marble that is equal to the finest Italian marble, as well as an endless variety of blue, yellow, green and jet-black marbles.

## Students Study Grading of Grain.

How the grain markets of the country handle and grade the farmers' products is being studied in a course which was started at the Ohio state university last year. The students taking the course are seniors in the department of agriculture. The students are given lectures on market distribution and study the field crops of the world. In the laboratory they study the grading of grain, testing it as to weight, color, percentage of moisture, quality, soundness and kind. Samples of ear corn and grain are received from farmers in the Franklin county and from grain exchanges in the primary markets.

## No Motorist.

"I judge from what you say of your financial condition, that you would not worry if there were a diamond famine."

"No, and to emphasize my impeccability still further, I wouldn't even worry if there were a shortage of gasoline."

## His Place.

"That dancer is wall-eyed."

"Then introduce him to the wall-flowers."

There is nothing so mean and hateful as one woman who refuses to tell another woman a secret.

## Above Everything Else

a well-fed brain and nervous system are essential to success.

Brain workers especially need food in the morning that will not overload the stomach.

Much depends on the start one gets each day, as to mental vigor and how he may expect to accomplish the work on hand.

He can't be alert and have a clear-working brain and steady nerves on a heavy breakfast which requires a lot of vital energy in digesting it.

## Grape-Nuts

FOOD—

made of whole wheat and barley, contains in a most appetizing, easy and quickly digestible form, the Food Elements required by Nature in nourishing brain and nerve cells.

There's true nourishment in Grape-Nuts, and

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan

## VITAL FORCE SHOWN BY HAIR

Records the Condition of the Body in a Manner That is Practically Infallible.

In the course of its continuous growth the hair records the tide of vitality as it rises and falls in the body. When a hair is held up to the light it may be seen to be smaller at some places than at others. There may be a space of one-eight of an inch, perhaps, where the hair is so

thin as to appear ready to break off. Such spots indicate an appreciable loss of nourishment, a sleepless night or an attack of auto-intoxication. In the last named cases the general vitality is interfered with, and the roots of the hair not being developed are not as strong as otherwise.

The hair grows until the weight is so great that it can no longer be sustained by the roots and it drops out. That is why hairs are of different lengths. Coarse hair, having large roots, will grow long. When the vital

ity is low all over the body the roots are imperfectly developed and the hair is likely to fall out, as in cases of typhoid fever.

Dandruff is a parasitic disease, and the parasites get down around the root of the hair, which becomes diseased. That is another reason why the hair falls out.

## Wind and Water.

The long-winded member of the debate club had held forth for many minutes past his allotted time, and

still showed no signs of exhaustion. Feeling thirsty, he reached out for the water carafe, but found it empty. Motioning to the usher to have it filled, he would have proceeded with his speech but for an interruption.

A member in the back row rose and waved his arms excitedly. "I protest, Mr. Chairman," he said, "I protest."

"Protest against what?" asked the chairman.

"Running a windmill with water," was the reply.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Examiner.